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The Poetry of Gerard Hopkins

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-colored clothes provide
Your spouse, not labored-at, nor spun.

Walter Pater, Gerard Hopkins' tutor at Balliol, had no keener sensitivity to the color and music of language. Gerard Hopkins' purpose—a purpose impossible of fulfilment but not therefore less worth the effort—was “to arrange words like so many separate gems to compose a whole expression of thought, in which the force of grammar and the beauty of rhythm absolutely correspond.”

There will always be those who dislike the wealth of imagery which characterizes Gerard Hopkins' poetry, because they do not understand his mental and spiritual attitude. Perhaps for some critics an altar cloth may be too richly embroidered and a chalice too golden. Ointment of spikenard is “very costly.”

Joyce Kilmer.

A WORD TO OUR READERS

With this number *POETRY* completes its fourth volume and its second year. Two-fifths of the period for which we are endowed having passed, it is time, perhaps, for a confidential talk.

Are you convinced of the value of our unique experiment for the support and encouragement of a universal and

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indispensable art? Do you wish the magazine to continue beyond the five years for which it is subsidized? Do you wish its policy to be one of increasing liberality toward the poets and their public, working always toward more just appreciation and recompense for the former, and for the latter a presentation of the best the art has to offer?

The permanence of the magazine lies not with us, but with you. Given life and health, we can pledge to its support our best service, and—under the usual limitations of human error—increasing knowledge and efficiency; for there is much education in such work as this. But our labor will not avail for permanence unless we can reach the public for poetry which must exist in this vast country, and in the wide provinces of the English-speaking world. And we can not find that public unless you help us.

We must be advertised by our friends. Other advertising, in these days of enormously expensive displays of it, is costly and often futile. We have preferred to reserve our endowment fund for our contributors—the poets, in order to increase the intrinsic value of the magazine. The direct advertisement of recommendation is the only possible means of increasing its scope and influence.

Thus you, and you alone, can give us really effective aid toward reaching a circulation large enough to enable us to stand alone. You can help us in any or all of the following ways:

First, send or renew your own subscription.

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Second, persuade one or more of your friends and neighbors to subscribe.

Third, see that your social and literary clubs subscribe.

Fourth, see that the public library in your town carries one or more subscriptions.

Fifth, talk about the magazine; either praise or blame will indicate your interest.

To those who wish to give more to the magazine than the dollar-and-a-half a year of their subscription, we extend a cordial invitation to join our body of guarantors. In that list are now one hundred and thirty-two names of men and women who have promised us from five to one hundred dollars a year for five years. Full guarantors pay fifty dollars, or, in a few instances, one hundred. Others pay twenty-five, ten, or five dollars. All receive the magazine each month, and full reports once a year. Our guarantors, like members of art institutes, and of operatic, dramatic and orchestral societies, like donors of prizes and scholarships in schools and exhibitions of painting, sculpture, architecture and music: like these, our guarantors are patrons of a great art, one which, equally with the other arts, needs public encouragement, and even endowment, if it is to achieve its triumphs. By encouraging the art, by staking something on their faith in those who practice it, they increase their own enjoyment of it, and receive perhaps more than they give, so that the adventure is of mutual benefit.

Another way of contributing largely is to offer a prize. This way is recommended especially to clubs, whose commit-

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tees may wish to select prize-winners among the poems contributed to the magazine. Givers of prizes, if they prefer, may make their own conditions, subject merely to the editor's agreement. We should like to give as many prizes annually as the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh (\$1,500, \$1,000, \$500) or the Art Institute of Chicago (\$1,000, \$500, \$300, and many smaller sums, besides annual and traveling scholarships).

In this art an especially urgent need is for the endowment of scholarships, especially traveling scholarships. The modern world—modern thought and art—is cosmopolitan. A young poet, even more than a young aspirant in the other arts, needs a certain amount of cosmopolitan training and experience. For the lack of it he may develop narrowly, remaining provincial and laggard-minded. It is an incredible and inexcusable omission that the expensively endowed American Academy at Rome does not include poets among the young artists it subsidizes; indeed, they are precisely the ones who would perhaps benefit the most by a few years' residence in Rome. The editor has in mind now three or four promising young poets to whom a scholarship would be of incalculable benefit.

Many inspiring words encouraged me while I was explaining the project of the magazine to possible guarantors. One of these, a Chicago lawyer, said, "Of course put me down—I don't know any better way to pay my debt to Shelley." What do you owe, you who read this article, to Shelley? to Coleridge, Milton, Shakespeare? to Molière,

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Dante, Sappho, Homer? to all the great poets whose immortal singing has incalculably enriched life, become an integral part of the mind of the race? Have you ever felt a possible obligation to pay a little of that immeasurable debt? Is there any other way to pay your debt to the great dead poets than by supporting and encouraging the poets now alive? Among them may be the founders of a renaissance, among them may be an immortal. In a sense not only actual and immediate, but permanent, mystic and profound, their fate is in your hands.

H. M.

NOTES

Three of this month's contributors appear in POETRY for the first time. Mr. John Alford is an English poet of the group represented in *Georgian Verse*. He has written a good deal for POETRY AND DRAMA and other magazines.

Mr. Douglas Goldring, also a young English poet, has published a number of novels and books of travel, and two books of verse, *Streets* (Max Goschen) and *A Country Boy and Other Poems* (Andrew Melrose.)

Mrs. Eunice Tietjens is a young Chicago poet whose work has appeared in various magazines.

Mr. Skipwith Cannell and Mr. John Gould Fletcher are young American poets resident abroad. Both have appeared before in POETRY. A book of Mr. Cannell's poems, *Monoliths*, will soon be published. Five small books of verse by Mr. Fletcher have been published by Max Goschen.

"William Laird" is a pseudonym. The name has appeared before in POETRY.